



THE JACKET GREEN

When I was a maiden fair and young,
On the pleasant shores of Lee,
I heard that in the greenwood sing
Was 'all so light and free,
My heart ne'er beat with flying feet,
Too sore rung me his queen,
Till down the glen rode his shield-men,
Who wore the 'Jacket-green,
Young Dhonnal sat on his gallant grey
Like a king on a royal seat,
And my heart leaped out on his regal way
To worship at his feet,
O love had you come in these colors dressed
And wooed with a soldier mien,
I'd have laid my head on your throbbing
breast,
For the sake of your 'Jacket-green;
We hoarded wealth did my love awe,
Save the good sword he bore,
But I loved him for himself alone,
And the colors that he wore,
For had he come in England's red,
To make me England's queen,
I'd rove the high green hills instead,
For the sake of the 'Irish Green,
When William storm'd with shot & shell
At the walls of Garryowen,
At the breach of death my Dhonnal fell
And he sleeps near the 'Treaty Stone,
At that breach the foeman never cross'd,
While he swung his broad sword keen,
But I do not weep my darling lost,
For he fell neath his Flag of Green,
When Garret's sail'd away I went,
As I heard the wild ocheo
I felt them dead as the men who slept,
Neath the walls of Garryowen,
While Ireland held my Dhonnal blest,
We wild seas rolled between,
I still could tell him to my grief,
And robed in his 'Irish Green,
My soul has sobbed like waves of woe
That sad over tombstones' break,
For I buried my heart in his grave below,
For his & for Ireland's sake,
And Tery wake way for the soldier's bride
In your halls of death sad queen,
For I long to rest by my true love's side,
And wrapt in your folds of Green,
I saw the Shannon's Purple tide,
Roll by the Irish town,
As I stood in the breach by Dhonnal's side,
When England's flag went down,
And now it lowers when I seek the skies
Like the blood-red curse between
I weep but 'tis not woman's sigh,
Will float 'Irish Green,
O Ireland sad on thy lonely soil,
And loud beats the winter sea,
But sadder & higher the wild waves roll
From the hearts that break for thee
Yet grief shall come to your heartless fore
And their thrones in the dust be seen,
So Irish maids love none but those
Who wear the 'Jackets Green,